

NEW BRITISH OFFENSIVE FROM LENS TO ARRAS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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TUESDAY APRIL 10 1917

One Penny.

L.P. 328 B.
DRIVEN INTO BONDAGE—DEPORTATIONS WHICH RANK AS ONE
OF THE GERMANS' GREATEST CRIMES.



Civilians with their wives and children deported from Guiscard (Oise) to work for the Germans. The unfortunate people are driven from their homes at the point of the bayonet.



The Boche departing with his plunder. On the side of the road is a long hut covered with earth to screen it from observation.

Nothing can exceed the tyranny exercised over the unfortunate inhabitants in Northern France by the German invader, and the stories of their suffering and misery show that harsh treatment, starvation and even worse things appear to be inseparable from Boche

domination. A certain number of the people remain in their homes, while others are carried off into Germany. And of those who stay behind all must work, even the children being put to such tasks as shelling beans for the soldiers.

FOOD HOARDING TO STOP TO-DAY.

Grocers' Difficulties Under the New Order.

THE BREAD PROBLEM.

The Food Controller's order against food hoarding, the details of which have been given in *The Daily Mirror*, comes into force to-day.

It makes it illegal for any person to buy more food than is required for ordinary purposes, and applies to both consumer and dealer.

The grocer must not sell to a customer if he has reason to believe that the purchaser is attempting to secure food in excess of his ordinary requirements.

Obviously it is going to be a rather delicate matter to carry out the order, but the desire of the authorities is to interpret it in a reasonable spirit and for the general good of the community.

"It is up to the public themselves to help us to put a stop to the activities of that really obnoxious creature, the food hoarder," said an official of *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The application of compulsory measures in any way affecting the food situation must always be surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. We must in a very delicate manner test to the honour and assistance of the public at large."

THE REAL DANGER.

"The real danger in the food crisis is not a shortage of potatoes or sugar so much as a shortage of wheat."

"There is the unquestionable need for economy in food of every kind, and we cannot possibly do without breadstuffs, and so the greatest economy should be practised in bread and wheat flour."

"If every reader of *The Daily Mirror* and their friends will determine now to do his utmost to help the Food Controller to fight the menace of, perhaps, famine, they will be rendering their country the very greatest war service."

Remember that compulsory schemes of rationing will not help, because it is impossible under such schemes to adjust the distribution according to individual needs.

"Compulsory rationing in Germany has been a political expedient and a failure."

The public should remember these things, but it is a mistake to imagine that because compulsory rationing is not introduced in this country the food crisis is not acute."

The new order is intended to check the extravagant consumption of cakes, fancy pastries and confectionery is expected shortly."

WAR TIME MAXIMS.

Rules Suggested for the Conduct of Italian Women.

PARIS, Monday.—The Turin section of the cooperation of schoolteachers has issued the following commandments for the guidance of Italian women in war time:—

Don't chatter. Keep your remarks, your impressions, your fears, for yourself.

Don't listen to those who spread bad news, panics and slanders. Make them keep silence.

Be moderate in your expenses; avoid imprudent liberality, as well as sordid economy.

Don't imagine that those dear to you at the front have forgotten you. Keep them in your thoughts, as they think of you in the hour of peril.

Don't complain of the unpleasantnesses, the difficulties and the privations resulting from the war. Think of those who are giving their lives for the country and complaints will die on your lips.

DOG AS DETECTIVE.

Airedale Who Found a Couple of Railway Thieves.

"He's a good dog, and no mistake," said a Kenley police officer, referring to the Airedale terrier who goes the rounds night or day with Police-constable Scott, and who at one o'clock in the morning, by barking, drew the constable's attention to a couple of thieves at Kenley Railway Station.

"We have no record of his having brought anybody to justice before," said the officer, "but his services are much appreciated."

"His name is Pat," added the officer, "and the name suits him, for he has a good bit of Irish in him. When he's chained up at home he lets his temper go at a rare rate if anybody ventures near the place."

"TO REPEL THE GERMANS."

Inspecting the Essex Volunteer Regiment, 7,000 strong, yesterday, the Duke of Connaught said the parade reminded him of that day, nearly sixty years ago, when he was present in the carriage with Queen Victoria at the first Volunteer review in Hyde Park.

Volunteers were now needed to repel the Germans if they should ever land, and the War Office desired to meet them in every way.

EASTER SNOWSTORMS.

Strange Mixture of Weather for Holiday-Makers.

DAY OF SOBER CROWDS.

The weather throughout the country yesterday was what an old farmer might call "various." The sun shone at intervals in London, and there was a cold east wind. When the sun didn't shine there were furries of snow.

It was not a day to invite loitering upon park benches.

At Liverpool, following heavy rain, an inch of snow fell during the morning, succeeded by hailstones, lightning and thunder.

Snowstorms swept Leicestershire and South Nottinghamshire.

In the Peak District of Derbyshire snow fell heavily, in several places piling up into drifts a foot deep.

Snow fell in the Isle of Wight during the morning, and there were storms of hail. Heavy hail storms swept over Essex and the wind blew a gale from the west.

The amateur gardener came out in full bloom all over the country yesterday.

Holiday-makers were busy cultivating their garden plots and allotments on behalf of the nation's food supply.

In town the chief element in the holiday crowds seem to be our soldiers from overseas. Australian and Canadian soldiers were everywhere.

They took a great interest in the feeding of the animals at the Zoo. One stalwart war economist from New Zealand was anxious as to the character of the food consumed by the animals in these hard times.

The theatres, which have been having something of a lean time of late, were crowded, and so were the cinemas.

There seemed to be plenty of money to spend, but, as the police reported, it was one of the most sober Bank Holidays ever experienced in London.

SAW IT AS PATIENT.

How Sir R. Borden Inspected an Ambulance Station.

Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, while crossing a piece of moorland yesterday, put his foot in a hole and injured a ligament of his right leg.

As it happened, he was close to an ambulance station, which he was about to inspect. Thither he was borne and the leg was dressed, enabling the Canadian Premier to proceed on his tour.

The accident occurred in the middle of a very busy day which Sir Robert spent with the Ontario Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force now in training in England.

I was too keen and skipping about like one of the boys," he laughingly remarked.

THREE GENERALS TO GO.

German Officer Who Could Not Stem British Advance.

PARIS, Monday.—A special message to the *Journal* from the British front says:—A German general has just been cashiered for not having been able to stem the British advance. "Disordered masters chastise valets."—Exchange.

PETROGRAD, Monday.—The Minister for War having received detailed reports in regard to the recent unfortunate local defeat on the Stokhod River, has ordered the immediate removal from their commands of General Loch (General Lesh), who was in command of the army in that region, and General Janouchewski, the army corps commander concerned.—Central News.

General Lesh was in command of the Stokhod region during the Russian offensive last year.



Crowborough Volunteers spend a busy Easter felling trees. The company was formed by Sir A. Conan Doyle at the outbreak of war.

FLAG HAULED DOWN.

Exciting Easter Scenes in Dublin —Baton Charges in Streets.

SOLDIERS STONED BY MOB.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Monday.—Considerable excitement prevailed here this afternoon. A big crowd assembled in the vicinity of the General Post Office in Sackville-street, Dublin, where the police were in great force.

The republican flag was hauled down by the authorities, but was replaced by the Sinn Feiners.

In Mary-street police and soldiers were stoned by the mob. Several baton charges followed.

At the courts the municipal flag was torn down by the Sinn Feiners, and the republican flag was hoisted in its place.

There was some disturbance, but it was quelled, and the municipal flag was again hoisted.

The crowds, which were of the street gamin type, broke office and shop windows in the middle of Abbey-street, and attempted to loot a shop in Talbot-street.

No arrests have been made.

At Cork Cathedral High Mass was celebrated for the repose of the souls of those who lost their lives in the Dublin rebellion.

At the close a procession of 300 persons marched to the City Hall, where the republican flag had been flying from the municipal flag-staff.

Having saluted this the processionists continued their march to the National Monument, where an attempt to deliver speeches was prevented by the police, who also removed and took possession of the republican flag and replaced the municipal flag, which had been hauled down by the Sinn Feiners.

KILLED BY POLAR BEAR.

Performing Animal Turns on Famous Wild Beast Trainer.

Captain Jack Bonavia, the famous animal trainer, has died at Los Angeles, says *Reuter*, as the result of injuries suffered in a struggle with a polar bear.

He was putting the bear through its customary tricks, when the animal became enraged and attacked him. The trainer was saved from immediate death by a policeman, who fired six bullets into the infuriated bear, killing it instantly.

Captain Bonavia's right hand was bitten off by a lion twelve years ago at Coney Island, New York.

"DOING THE GRAND."

Youth Who Lived in Hotels and Rode in Row.

Arrested a week ago after his return from a ride on horseback in Rotten Row on a charge of stealing a diamond ring worth £100, Frank Adams, a youth of eighteen, was bound over at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

Evidence was given with a view to showing that he stole the ring from the boudoir of Mrs. Eghil Matthes, at 46, Clarence Gate-gardens, Regent's Park.

Adams was entertained at the flat as a guest, and it appeared he sold the ring in Regent-street for £12.

Detective Hatch said he left his home at Brighton in November last to join the Army, but had since been staying at the principal West End hotels in London, including the Waldorf and the Trocadero, at the expense of well-to-do friends.

He had also been spending money freely in the company of ladies, and making believe that he was the wealthy son of people in Mexico.

AUSTRIA BREAKS WITH AMERICA.

Baron Zwiedinek Given His Passports.

U.S. HELP FOR ALLIES.

A dispatch from the American Minister to Switzerland, says a *Reuter* Washington message, announces that Austria-Hungary broke off relations on April 8.

All American Consular officials, as well as diplomatists, will be withdrawn from Austria-Hungary.

Spain is taking over the interests of the United States.

All Austrian Consular officials and diplomatists will be withdrawn from the United States.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Baron Zwiedinek, the Austro-Hungarian Charge d'Affaires, called on Mr. Lansing and requested his passports, which were given him.—Central News.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Mr. Daniels has stated that valuable cooperation with the Allies will be undertaken. He did not say definitely what this was, but it is presumed the steps resolved upon are under way.—Exchange.

According to *Reuter's* telegrams, Brazil is seething with excitement as the result of the torpedoing of the liner *Parana*, and in Chile it is believed that that Republic will take part in the conflict against Germany.

It is expected, says a *Reuter* message, that Guatemala, Costa Rica and Salvador will shortly follow the lead given by Cuba.

The Belgian War Minister, in his telegram to Mr. Wilson, says: "The Belgian Government salutes with affection, joy and respectful admiration the decisive act which through the voice of your Excellency, is an honour to yourself, your nation and humanity."—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Sunday (received yesterday).—Preparations which are being made by the Department for War indicate the sending of an army to Europe.

Instructions were given to-day for the putting in hand of the repair of twenty-seven German ships seized in the port of New York, to be used as army transports.

The War Department is understood to have informed leaders in Congress that it is opposed

PRESIDENT TO THE KING

President Wilson has replied as follows to the message sent by the King:—

Your eloquent message comes to me at this critical moment of our national life as a proof of the community of sentiment among the free peoples of the world now striving to defend their ideals, to maintain the blessings of national independence and to uphold the rights of humanity. In the name of the American people, the Government to which they look for guidance, I thank you for your inspiring words.—Woodrow Wilson. Washington, April 8, 1917.

to a Volunteer Army and that it favours the selective draft system.

This means that there will be 50,000 conscripts from New York State alone.—Wireless Press.

By order of the Secretary of the Navy, American women (says a *Reuter's* message from Washington) will be allowed to enlist in actual naval service, in case of emergency.

While it is not intended at present to place women aboard ships, they may be utilised for short duty in connection with coast defence.

THE HAGUE, Sunday.—Herr von Zimmermann, the German Foreign Minister, was visited yesterday by the Brazilian, Argentine and Chilean Ministers, who had a conference with him of an hour's duration. This visit made during the holidays seems to indicate something of exceptional importance.

In Berlin it is thought that it is connected with a possible rupture of the three South American Republics with Germany.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—The United States is seizing interned Austrian ships.—Exchange.

"DESERVED THE V.C."

Fireman Who Rescued Soldier from Flames and Fumes.

At an inquest on Sapper Horace Grey, a soldier who was killed in an explosion, it was stated that Sidney Blank, a fireman, went into the burning shed to rescue Grey.

The air was full of poisonous fumes. The Coroner said Blank deserved the Victoria Cross.

BRITISH START NEW OFFENSIVE ON A WIDE FRONT

German Lines Penetrated Everywhere from South of Arras to South of Lens.

CAMBRAI THRUST—MANY PRISONERS.

Havrincourt Wood Entered and Villages Carried—Progress at St. Quentin: Fresnoy-le-Petit Won.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

11.25 A.M.—We attacked at 5.30 this morning on a wide front from south of Arras to south of Lens.

Our troops have everywhere penetrated the enemy's lines and are making satisfactory progress at all points.

In the direction of Cambrai we have stormed the villages of Hermies and Boursies, and have penetrated into Havrincourt Wood.

In the direction of St. Quentin we have captured Fresnoy-le-Petit and have advanced our line south-east of Le Verguier.

No estimate of the prisoners taken can yet be given, but considerable numbers are reported to have been captured.

8 A.M.—SECOND PHASE OF BATTLE DEVELOPS.

"Shortly after 8 a.m. the second phase of the attack developed," says Reuter's special correspondent, "and the fighting became more intense."

[The new blow struck by the British between Arras and Lens is on a front of over ten miles, and is north of the front upon which the Germans have been retreating. Thus the flank of the Hindenburg line is threatened. The British advance is a sequel to the great air battles, which were intended to damage the enemy's communications.

Our men are now only nine miles from Cambrai. Fresnoy-le-Petit is two and a half miles north-west of St. Quentin.]

'GREAT SHUDDER' SHAKES BERLIN SAYS 'BATTLE OF THE WESTERN FRONT. ARRAS CONTINUES.'

Thousands of Guns Spitting Death in Howling Storm.

ENEMY OVERWHELMED.

17 AIRMEN 'DOWNED.'

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Army Group of Crown Prince Rupprecht.—Between Lens and Neuville Vitasse (south-east of Arras) the artillery fighting increased again yesterday to great violence.

The battle of Arras, which commenced this morning after several hours of strong drum fire, continues.

In the region between the roads leading from Albert to Cambrai and Peronne minor engagements developed, which are taking the course intended by us.

Army Group of the Crown Prince.—From Soissons as far as into western Champagne artillery firing increased.

Yesterday seventeen enemy aeroplanes and two captive balloons were brought down by our airmen and anti-craft guns. Cavalry Captain Baron von Richthofen was victorious for the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth times in aerial battles.—Lieutenant Schaefer brought down his twelfth enemy machine.—Admiralty per Wireless.

FRENCH REPEL ATTACKS IN RHEIMS REGION.

Progress by Grenade Fight at Maisons de Champagne.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

From the Somme to the Aisne there were patrol encounters during the night.

In spite of the bad weather the activity of the two artilleries continues very lively in several sectors.

North-west of Rheims a German attack against our positions opposite Courcy failed under our barrage of fire.

South of that locality two enemy detachments were repulsed after a lively grenade fire.

In the region of Maisons de Champagne we realised some progress by means of grenades.—Reuter.

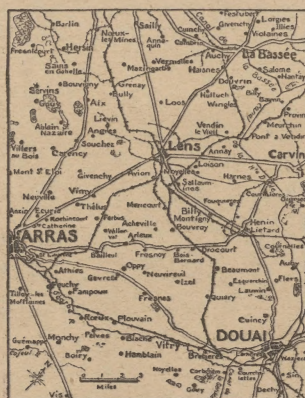
RUMANIANS REPULSE POE.

ROMANIAN OFFICIAL.

An enemy attack in the rear of the Valeputna-Jakobina road was repulsed, the enemy being forced to fall back upon his former positions.

BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—On the whole front there was somewhat weak artillery activity. Between Lakes Ochrida and Prespa there were encounters between patrols.



The scene of the new British offensive is from south of Arras to south of Lens.

THREE GENERALS LOSE THEIR COMMANDS.

German Officer Who Could Not Stem British Advance Cashiered.

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General Lesh was in command in the Stokhod region during the Russian offensive last year.

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TURKS GAZA CLAIMS.

The following official communiqué was issued in Constantinople on Friday, states Reuter: "Sinai Front.—In the course of a reconnoitring attack carried out by us south of Gaza, our troops captured hundreds of ammunition wagons, telephone accessories and other war material."

On the front of our troops in Rumania there was violent fighting activity.

It has been established that the ship which was sunk by one of our submarines at the port of Alexandria, as previously announced in our communiqué, was the Hamour, of 8,500 tons, having on board 7,000 tons of coal and 1,000 tons of cattle food.

Note.—No steamer called the Hamour appears in Lloyd's register for the current year.

ATTACKS ON RUSSIANS.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—Minor attacks in the Carpathians, in the region west of Dzembron (in the direction of Marmarosh-Siget) and to the west of the town of Tomnatik were repulsed.—Exchange.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of Prince Leopold of Bavaria.—Near Sagorje (north-west of Baranovitchi), near Wrelic (south-east of Kolvel) and near Brzezany, advances by Russian raiding detachments were repulsed.

Front of Archduke Joseph.—In the wooded Carpathians strong snowstorms have commenced.

Army of von Mackensen.—To the north of Pocani our thrusting troops penetrated into the Russian positions near Faurei, destroyed the trenches and returned with forty-six prisoners and two machine guns.—Admiralty per Wireless.

DAMAGED ENEMY WORKS.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Yesterday our artillery, hampered by bad weather almost all along the line, was however, active in the Giudicarie and Adige Valleys, where our guns set fire to and damaged military works.

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AUSTRIA BREAKS WITH AMERICA.

Hun Charge d'Affaires Asks for Passports.

"AS FROM APRIL 8."

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Austria broke off relations with the United States as from April 8.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Austria-Hungary, according to authoritative official opinion, will sever diplomatic relations with the United States within the next twenty-four hours.

All arrangements have been made here for the representation of American interests in Austria-Hungary.

(Later).—The Austro-Hungarian Charge d'Affaires has asked for his passports.—Reuter.

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The War Department is understood to have informed leaders in Congress that it is opposed to a Volunteer Army and that it favours the selective draft system.

This means that there will be 50,000 conscripts from New York State alone.—Wireless Press.

Dr. McClellan has sent the following telegram to President Wilson and the Council of National Defence:—"The Inter-Collegiate Intelligence Bureau advises you that fifty of the largest and most prominent universities, colleges and technical schools throughout the country are ready to provide the nation with men of specialised training for every need which may arise in your plans for national defence."—Central News.

By order of the Secretary of the Navy, American women (says a Reuter's message from

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ANGRY REPUBLICS.

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Brazil.—Telegrams received from all over Brazil (wires Reuter from Rio de Janeiro) show that the whole country is seething with excitement as the result of the torpedoing of the Brazilian steamer Parana by a German submarine.

Peru.—The view is expressed that the hour is at hand when South America as a whole must make a formal decision with regard to the injury inflicted upon its different States by Germany.—Reuter.

Chile.—The general belief is that for one reason or another Chile will be obliged to take part in the conflict against Germany.—Reuter.

Argentina.—The Buenos Ayres newspapers devote pages to the intervention of the United States and Cuba in the war.

La Prensa is of opinion that Cuba will destroy the lairs of the submarine pirates in the Antilles.—Reuter.

The Ruling Passion.—A telegram from Havana to New York states that it is expected that Guatemala, Costa Rica and Salvador will shortly follow the lead given by Cuba.—Central News.

TREXIN, Sunday (received yesterday).—The action of America is likely to exert a powerful influence at Pekin, where during the last fortnight great indecision has been manifested, the principal opposition coming from commercial bodies, who evidently fear retaliation by Germany after the war.—Exchange.

New York, Monday.—A telegram from Havana states that the German Minister to Cuba has received his passports.—Central News,



We have carried Fresnoy-le-Petit.

to Cambrai. From the embankment, now transformed into loopholes, we could see the high silhouette of the capital of Flandre with the middle of the city in flames.

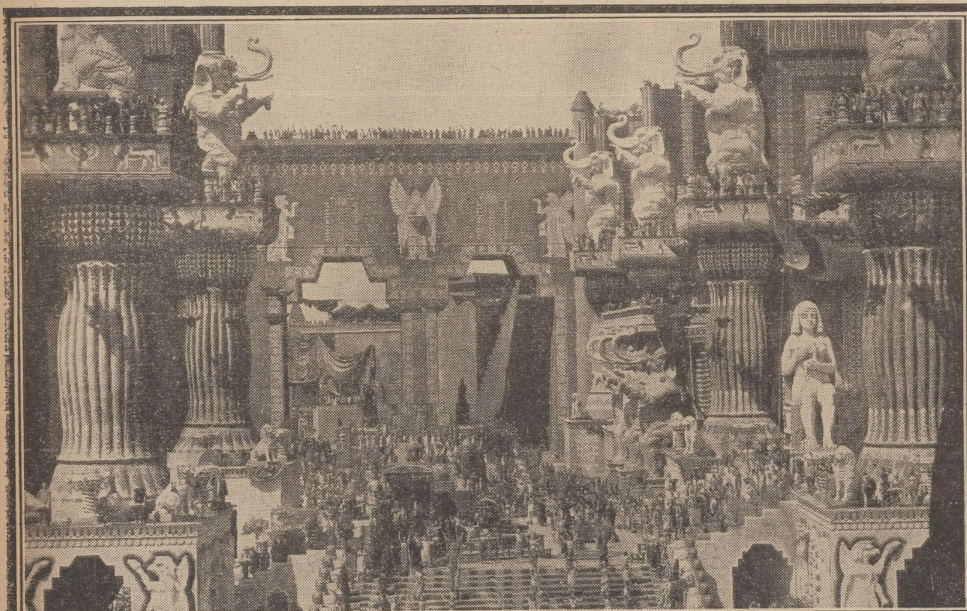
We know with certainty that here again the enemy, overwhelmed and harassed by the hurricane of shell fire, was unable to organise his lines of defence in time.—Exchange.

The expert French commentator, writing on Sunday night, stated:—

The British troops continue unwearingly to exercise victorious pressure on the enemy front. In the course of the last twenty-four hours they advanced their lines over an extent of two miles east of the front Lagnieu-Louvrauld, north of the Bapaume-Cambrai road.

On the French front the situation remains stationary. Apart from the serious blow struck by our troops in Belgium, in the neighbourhood of Lombardzyde, no infantry action is reported.—Reuter.

MARVELLOUS FILM PRODUCED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



The courtyard of the Temple at Babylon. It is a mile in length, and was built at a cost exceeding that of the entire expense of any production ever made, including "The Birth of a Nation."



Brown Eyes (Miss Margery Wilson) and Prosper La-tour, her sweetheart (Mr. Eugene Pallette).



Burning the houses of the Protestants during the massacre of the Huguenots. The third story is placed in France in the Middle Ages.

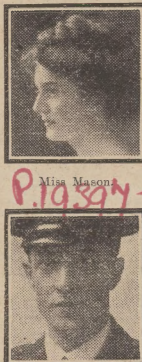
Mr. D. W. Griffith has produced something in films even more wonderful than his "Birth of a Nation." He rightly describes it as a "colossal spectacle," and calls it "Intolerance." In it the audience see the pomp and magnificence of Babylon, for nearly 2,000 years, the centre of civilization, and are carried from Judea in the time of the Nazarene to the glories of medieval France.

WOMEN POLICE OFF DUTY.



Women police who do a little gardening in their spare time. Though their duties are tiring, they don't neglect their "patch."

TO WED.



Dr. Egan.

Staff-Surgeon Percy Blackwood Egan, M.D., R.N., and Miss Rosalie Stella Mason, who are engaged.

BLESSING A WAR SHRINE.



Boys of the Church Lads' Brigade sounding the "Last Post" after the blessing of the war shrine in Cromer-street, St. Pancras.

LOVE

SEE the sensuous fiery passion of Belshazzar of Babylon and his Princess Beloved.

The charming love of Brown Eyes, the Juliet-like little French maiden.

The pure redeeming love of Mae Marsh, of "Birth of a Nation" fame, who saves the physical as well as the spiritual life of her loved one.

LOVE'S STRUGGLE
THROUGHOUT THE AGES

D. W. GRIFFITH'S
COLOSSAL PHOTO
DRAMA SPECTACLE

INTOLERANCE

"Best the world has ever seen."—*Express*.
"To be seen again and again."—*Chronicle*.
"Takes one's breath away."—*Sketch*.
"An achievement even Mr. Griffith will never excel."—*Times*.
"Left the spectators gasping."—*Telegraph*.
"Colossal, thrilling, unique."—*Post*.
"Prodigious."—*Mel*.
"Most stupendous spectacle ever presented."—*Daily News*.

DRURY LANE

Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS

DAILY at 2.15 & 8.

By Appointment To H.M. The King

It is illegal for any trader to make the purchase of other goods a condition of supplying

NESTLÉ'S
MILK

but the greatly increased demand is such that Grocers and Stores must first consider the normal requirements of their regular customers wanting the milk for infant feeding. It has been so largely used for 50 years as an infant's complete diet that its distribution becomes of national importance so as to

SAVE THE BABIES.

Cash Price 10¹/₂ d. and 6 d. Per Tin

It is hoped to be able to supply Trade customers with a quantity of Nestlé's Milk equal to their average monthly purchases of 1916

The public are therefore invited to buy from their regular purveyor in order to assist the method of distribution.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1917.

NEWS AND "WARNINGS."

YESTERDAY'S news from the British front was again good, and the war measures announced from America promise well for the future. Meanwhile, too, telegrams from German sources reveal the modified expectations of the Hun, who is now told, it is said, that his military situation "allows him to hope"—a minor key sounding almost wailfully in the remnant of the great band that marched to brass and big drum in 1914. Four months short of three years of colossal effort and catastrophic loss; and then to be told he may "still hope" for that cheerful and easy triumph over Europe that was due before the leaves fell in the first autumn of the war! The Hun is in every sense fed on a lean diet to-day.

All we need to counteract the polar weather, and the hint that, the gulf stream being diverted, we shall in a few years come into line with Labrador as regards climate, is, say, a cheering speech from the Prime Minister, full of his usual resolution and pluck. That would be very welcome to the people, and welcome, too, would be an end to dismal vague "warnings" from other public men. The public welcomes a policy—wants to be told definitely what to do. It is no good telling it vaguely that it must do great things—put up with "greater sacrifices"—and then not showing it what or how. We need no more warnings and threats, but action on the part of Government departments. Otherwise, the warnings will begin to come from the public and be directed against the departments in question.

The public will, in that case, warn the Government that its two great inventions—the National Service and Food Control Departments—must see "great changes" and see them quickly.

We trust the Prime Minister with his ardour and alertness and readiness to realise how things stand, will see this week that warnings are not needed by the public but by these departments of the Government. . . . Otherwise the entire country will say in June what many are whispering now.

As to the gulf stream, we cannot call upon Mr. Lloyd George, myriad-minded as he is, to divert that into its proper quarter. We can only hope that the rumour of its evasion is "pessimism." And that it is indeed an unfounded rumour may be shown by the memory of many such Springs as that we are now enduring. Long before anybody thought of the Panama Canal the typical April weather was—what it is. Yet we hope on. Is not this a fine testimonial to our refusal to be depressed? If we've so long survived our climate as a race we may as a race survive the war and even get quite to like it.

W. M.

SONG.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see it,
But only melancholy!
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A night that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight wales, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we least upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
—JOHN FRASCHER (1647).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We sleep, and while asleep time flies silently over our heads; we waken to a thousand cares, and while struggling with them, life still pursues its rapid course. Neither its pleasures nor its pains are durable. Other travellers have preceded us; others are advancing at the same time with ourselves; and countless multitudes will follow us.—St. Basil.

WILL THE WAR KILL "ARTIFICIAL SINS"?

A REFORM THAT MAY RESULT FROM SUFFERINGS.

By The Rev. G. S. WILSON, M.A.

AMONGST few blessings that are said to result from a great war one of the greatest is supposed to be the sweeping away of much that seems unreal in life. Thus, for example, the "call of duty" and the "ideal of self-sacrifice" have been the means of driving from society false estimates as to the importance of pleasure and selfish ambition. However, it is to be devoutly hoped that the general clearance will not omit those sins which can be called artificial, for when sincerity and reality are the order of the day artificiality must be excluded. What is meant by "artificial sins"? Sin is the neglect of the laws of morality

insist that you must hang your slippers on the candlesticks of the piano than it is to make a slip in the routine of the science or art of "card-leaving." The former action labels you a genius, the latter as "not quite a gentleman," or what I have heard described as "one of the not quites." The Pharisee of Scripture days was not the only one who has "strained at a gnat" and "swallowed a camel" with gusto.

THE THINGS THAT MATTER.

To take some more examples. Why should it be an unpardonable sin to be too slow in paying bridge debts and at the same time a matter of little concern to keep a tradesman waiting? Again, why is it more of a matter for shame for a woman to wear the same frock too often, than it is for that same frock, in cut or style, to border on the immodest? Truly it is not hard to see what sins are artificial, and why it is that a re-

EAT LESS BREAD.

CAN THE SUBMARINES BE BEATEN WITHOUT FOOD TICKETS?

HOW TO MANAGE.

MAY I suggest a ready way whereby the middle-class housewife can secure that one pound less of bread is consumed than is normally consumed per week?

She must not leave it to the servants, but must go to the baker herself and tell him that she will not pay for an ounce of bread beyond the voluntary ration for her house. The thing must be worked direct through the tradesmen. Great Cumberland place, W. F. M. E.

AMERICAN FOODSTUFFS FOR THE ALLIES.

IN his criticisms of Mr. John Carden's opinions of the potential productivity of the United States agricultural districts, "Student" has overlooked the fact that virgin soil requires less fertilisation than land which has been worked for generations. The irrigation problem is a serious one, admittedly, but it is not insurmountable. When the need arises the means of meeting it can be found. Perhaps "Student" has forgotten that the export of foodstuffs from the United States is already considerable. I refer him to the opinions of other experts, who have shown how cultivation exhausts land. The amount of fertiliser required has been worked out—it is steadily progressive as the years go by. AGRICULTURIST.

"THE BLACKMAILER'S CHARTER."

EVERY community, wrote the French criminologist, Lacazeagne, has the criminals that it deserves. When, in America and in England, they pass monstrous laws, they get the blackmailer. Every few years the British Lion finds himself pegged down by a fresh piece of legal rope. Where is this to end? That most dangerous and in many ways most unjust Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 was the beginning of the modern crusade. Then came the Vagrancy Act of 1898. Ten years later another Act. Then the "white slave" outcry of 1912. And now this latest Bill. Yet every one of these penal statutes does little more than furnish (as is duly expected) the annual crop of skulls for official Blue-books—a harvest of victims which is grist to the legal mill. TAB CAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 9.—It is most important to secure a good supply of Brussels sprouts for this is certainly the most valuable of all winter green vegetables. Plants raised under glass can, if thoroughly hardened off, be set out any time now. But they are usually sown in the open at this season. Form a seed-bed of good light soil and sow thinly in rows 6in. to 9in. apart. Cover the seeds with wood ashes, if these are available, and protect from the birds. Later on prick out the young plants into rich soil a few inches apart. In June the final planting can take place. Brussels sprouts need firm, good and deeply-dug ground, and it is important to allow each plant plenty of room. E. F. T.



The food problem has brought everybody to the consideration of agriculture. "Back to the land" is more than ever the cry of the moment. New "scientific" methods are to be applied everywhere. Will that mean destruction of the picturesque of farming occupations?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

or religion. Artificial sins, then, are not real breaches of moral or religious laws, but acts which, for various purposes, are made to masquerade as sins. It seems as though mankind had so far failed to avoid real sin, that in order to create the feeling of having accomplished something moral, punctiliousness with regard to artificial sins might be of service. Perhaps the error is most easily discovered and wears its thinnest disguise in what is known as the "social world" or "fashionable life." The "artificial sins" which rarely meet with forgiveness in that world are very numerous. In some cases a big error is not so wholeheartedly condemned as a little one, as the former may be mistaken for eccentricity. It is safer, if you play the piano, to

spectable family of the upper classes is often sneeringly dubbed "middle class" or "suburban." These same "artificial sins" are found even amongst the children. A girl I know remembers how puzzled she was as a little tot when, on starting school life, she was asked by a fair maiden of a few years older: "What is your father?" "My father is the dean!" The answer: "My father is not a dean, but a packer of sardines," would have meant the taint of an artificial sin. She dared not give it. However, these artificial sins are by no means only manufactured amongst the aristocracy, but also in all grades of society and walks of life. 'Arry and 'Arriet would rather

return from 'Ampstead 'Eath slightly "fuddled" than have appeared there without the "pearlies" and the feathers! Are our teachers in their pulpits and their writings giving us the right guidance? Is not the careful advocacy of some pet "shibboleth" often little more than a crying down of some artificial sin? To some ecclesiastical minds a wrong coloured stole on a day of a Church festival is a greater sin—artificial though it is—than any of those sins which were denounced by the Founder of Christianity. The "coloured stole" I take, not in a restricted sense, but as typical of that care exercised in all branches of religious life to avoid the artificial sins and to ignore or smoothe over the sins which are real.

TROUSER EFFECT



Dress in palest blue crepe embroidered with dull gold. The skirt is fastened round the legs to give a trouser effect.—(Drecol.)

SCARRED BY SHELLS.



Officers viewing the shell-scarred ground at the front. There are innumerable holes, which have all become pools.—(Official photograph.)

A PRISONER'S BOOK



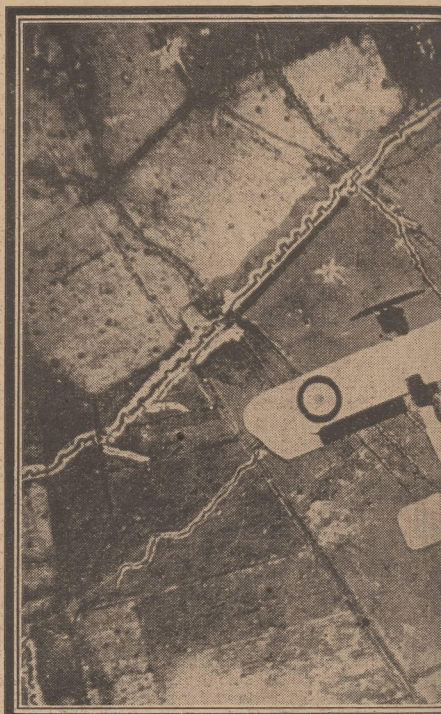
Corporal E. Doitish, the first Springbok prisoner in Germany, whose book contains revelations of the Huns' treatment of their captives.

BARONESS' DEATH.



Hermione Kathleen, Baroness von Eckhardstein, who died while undergoing an operation. She was the best rifle shot in England at the age of thirteen.

AERIAL ARTILLERY

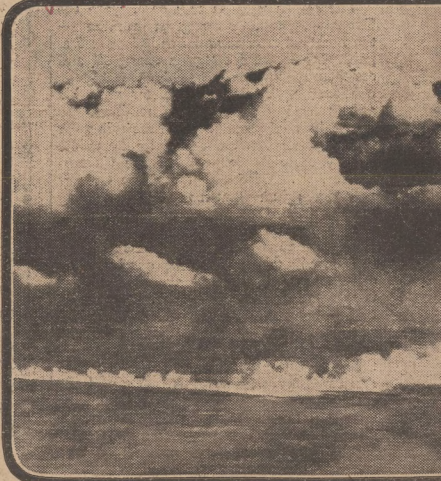


A reconnaissance aeroplane flying over the front.

WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS—MOVING A BIG ITALIAN GUN.



There are no big events on this front just now, but our Allies have scored several minor successes.



A German gas attack. A photograph taken to protect the reconnaissance.

SIX MISSING SOLDIERS OF



Pte. J. R. Tarr (Royal Fusiliers). Write to J. R. Tarr, 189, Halsey road, Forest Gate, London, E.7.



Lieut. Col. R. A. Thomas (K.R.R.C.). Write to Mrs. Thomas, at 31, St. John's grove, Croydon.



Pte. Percy Pettigrew (O.E.F.). Write to Mrs. Pettigrew, Ardbrann, N. Ireland.

HIDE—MOVING GAS.



height of 3,000ft.—(Official photograph.)



in the clouds during heavy rain.—(Official.)
recent, which was flying several thousand feet above to
from hostile aircraft.

PRISONERS UNDER FIRE



There is evidence that this dug-out near Noyon was made by Russian prisoners in the hands of the Germans.—(French official.)

MAN OF THE WOODS



A nameless man who was arrested in the woods of Midlothian in connection with numerous burglaries which have been baffling the police.

ON ALNWICK CASTLE



A Richmond boy, aged seven, who was on board the Alnwick Castle. He was landed at Ferrol, Spain, after being four days in an open boat.

A SATIN GOWN.



Gown of yellow and green satin, with beaded medallions of contrasting colours.—The pocket effect relieves the simplicity of the skirt.

THE SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH ROBBED THEM OF THEIR BOOTY.



Furniture removed from a house at Noyon which the Germans had to leave behind.—(French official photograph.)

RELATIVES SEEK NEWS.



C. Ramsey (Puffinsbury). Write to Mrs. Cracknell, Lower Stowbedon, Attleborough.
Mr. Ramsey (Puffinsbury). Write to Mrs. Cracknell, Lower Stowbedon, Attleborough.
H. E. Rogers (Middlesex Regiment). Write to Mrs. Rogers, 47, Burton-road, Chingford, London, E.4.

PETER LYSER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.



Nan Marraby.

and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY, a charming girl, who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. **PETER LYSER**, who has lost his memory as the result of shock. He has forgotten that he is engaged to Nan. **JOHN ENDICOTT**, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living and working together. **JOHN ARNOTT**, Peter's friend and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY becomes engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she devotes herself to cheering her friend, John Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France. They live together in a flat, and she anxiously waits for the news that she dreads and hopes for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter Lyster has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow bravely, and decides to go and see Peter at once. John Arnott, Peter's friend, takes her to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. He tries to dissuade her from what she knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going. At last she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves there. Peter comes and helps her to look for them; but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan.

The next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter.

While walking near Oxford Circus Nan is hailed by John Arnott. A little behind him is Peter Lyster. They have tea together. Peter pays Nan scant attention, and to her all hope of regaining the man she loves seems dead.

Owing to her stepmother's death Nan has to return home to look after her little stepbrothers.

A man jumps into the carriage just as the train is making out of the station. He recognises her, and introduces himself as Peter's friend, Harley Sefton. He had met her with Peter.

Sefton is a moneylender, as Nan learns from Arnott. He has lent money to Nan's father and to Peter, and he hints that he will enforce his claims. Nan is very indignant. She says that Peter's father is in debt, but Sefton is callous. He suggests that she should ask her father.

When he has gone Nan rushes out into the woods to be alone. Lonely and unhappy, she is crying bitterly when Peter finds her.

He is kind and sympathetic. He tells her about his loss of memory, and how miserable he feels; and she admits that he does not like Sefton.

Peter asks Nan what she was crying, and she says that she may tell him some day.

Arnott brings his sister to call on Nan. There is a spirit of antagonism between the two women.

When Peter joins the party with the boys, who have become great friends with him, the atmosphere becomes electric.

Nan mentions that she was once with Miss Lyster, and Peter wants to know who the Miss Lyster was. Arnott's sister explains that she was the woman who had been the man to whom Nan was engaged.

Arnott ridicules the idea, but his sister is not convinced.

Nan meets Sefton by accident in the woods. He asks her to marry him. She refuses; and then he tries to cancel the debt between them.

He threatens to tell Peter the truth unless she consents.

Nan agrees to the proposal. Sefton seizes and kisses her passionately, and while they are struggling Peter Lyster comes upon the scene.

Sefton makes a dash for it, but she does not see Peter's assistance.

Nan watches him depart with an aching heart, then she rushes away from Sefton's house.

When she is feeling very wretched she sees Peter coming up the garden path to the house.

"SAY I AM NOT AT HOME."

NAN's heart seemed to stop beating; she thought her eyes must be deceiving her.

Peter—here! when only such a little while ago he had turned away from her in the wood.

She would not see him—she was afraid to see him; she rushed out into the hall to tell the little maid that she was not at home to him—she passed the door, she could see the dark outline of his tall figure through the glass panels.

She flew on to the kitchen; at that moment she dreaded Peter Lyster more than any one on earth; she startled the little maid with her breathless excitement.

"There is a gentleman at the door—I am not at home, be sure and tell him I am not at home—go and answer the door at once, I will wait here."

The little maid rose from her chair slowly. "What shall I say, Miss?" she asked with provoking stammer.

Nan stamped her foot.

"Say I am not at home—say I am dead, if you like—anything, except that I am in."

She closed the door as the girl departed; she stood listening at the crack in a trembling impatience.

Now it was too late she wished that she had seen him after all—she wanted to see him with all her heart; she had behaved very stupidly—what was there to be afraid of?—a wild impulse came to her to go out into the hall and say that it was a mistake—that she was in all the time; her fingers tightened on the door handle—almost she had dragged it open—then she heard the

shutting of the front door, and after a moment she turned to the back.

"I told him, miss, and he's gone," she hesitated, and a half-smile crossed her face. "He didn't seem to believe me," she added deprecatingly.

Nan flushed.

"I don't care if he didn't," she said sharply. She went out, shutting the door behind her; she flew up the stairs two at a time to her room—she peered out, screened by the curtain.

She could just see Peter's tall figure walking away down the road—he was walking rather slowly and with bent head.

The tears rushed to Nan's eyes.

"You stupid," she told herself savagely. "Why didn't you see him—you had your chance—and now you've lost it."

She stood there till he had quite gone, then she went downstairs again—she made some pretext to go into the kitchen, and presently asked the girl what Mr. Lyster had said.

"Did he ask for me? What did he say?"

"He just asked for you, miss—he seemed disappointed when I said you was out—he asked if I knew where you had gone."

"And you?—what did you say?"

"I said I didn't know."

"And is that all?"

"He didn't say he would come back later—or to-morrow?"

"No, miss."

"He'll never come back," Nan told herself despairingly in her heart.

She went back to the deserted schoolroom; she hated the house to-day and its silence; she hated the rather dark rooms and the tall trees that seemed to skirt her in; she hated the shabby furniture and the memories of an unhappy childhood which everything held for her.

She was standing looking out into the garden when she heard the door of her father's room open, and presently heard him calling to her.

She went out into the hall; Mr. Marraby stood there, his spectacles pushed up over his forehead.

"I am going to London to-night," he said abruptly; he seemed to avoid meeting Nan's eyes.

"I may be away some time—you will be all right here without me."

A little ironical smile crossed Nan's face; all right without him! Why, she hardly ever saw him from one week's end to the other, save when she went to ask about his meals, or for money for household expenses.

Quite all right, she said.

He turned back to his room.

"Very well—I am catching the seven o'clock train up; will you pack my bag?"

Nan said "Yes"; she looked after him curiously; what a strange man he was, she thought; she wondered if her own mother, or the second Mrs. Marraby had ever got to know him any better than she herself did.

He half-turned—

"Have you got enough money to go on with?" he asked.

THE BITTER TRUTH.

NAN coloured; money had been her chief grievance ever since she came home; she had soon found that there were many bills owing—bills for household expenses, and Nan hated debt; she had insisted on their being paid, though she knew that by so doing she had annoyed her father.

"The tradespeople prefer credit," he once told her testily. "They don't care for ready money."

"Of course," they don't," Nan retorted. "It pays them better to run books for months—but I've never got into debt, and I don't mean to start now."

But she had had to all the same—it had been impossible to get sufficient ready money out of her father; he always put her off with the excuse that he was too busy to be bothered.

"Ask me another time," he would say; or "Later on, Nan, not now; can't you see I'm very much engaged?"

Once or twice he had given her a couple of pounds, but for the last few days she had received nothing from him, and had been obliged to draw on what little she herself possessed.

"If you are going to be away several days I shall need some money," she said. "There are several bills to pay, and—"

He broke in, testily:

"I don't know what you do with all the money I give you—there must be gross extravagance somewhere."

Nan flushed hotly.

"I haven't had more than five pounds since I came," she said. "And there are six of us to keep. I hate running bills, but I have had to."

Mr. Marraby sought refuge in his favourite excuse:

"The tradespeople prefer bills—they always prefer a credit account." He laid three pound notes on the table.

"That ought to be plenty," he said. "You must live more plainly, that is all; I am not a rich man."

Nan did not take up the money; she closed the door behind her and came a little nearer to where her father stood.

"Father, what do you know about Mr. Sefton?"

Her voice was quiet and unemotional, but she was painfully conscious of a sudden stiffening in her father's bowed figure.

"Sefton!" he echoed. "Sefton! Nothing—except that he is a business acquaintance of mine. Why do you ask?"

Nan did not answer at once; then she said, very clearly, "Because this afternoon he asked me to marry him."

Mr. Marraby swung round—for fully a moment he stared at his daughter with sheer amazement—then he took an uncertain step forward and peered down into her face.

"Asked—you to marry him! Are you sure?"

Nan looked away with a sudden sick feeling.

"Quite sure," she said coldly.

"And you—what did you say, Nan?" The suppressed eagerness in his voice left no doubt at all in her mind that Sefton's story of her father's money transactions was true. She realised that he would be quite willing to sell her—on the offered terms.

She raised her eyes to his face.

"I told him that if he insulted me again I would tell you and ask you to forbid him the house," she said clearly.

"You told him—that!" He fell back from her with anger in his eyes. "You dared to tell him that!"

"I tried to pull myself together. He went on hurriedly."

"There is no insult in asking a woman to marry you. I don't know what the girls of to-day expect. Sefton is a rich man; he could give you everything you want."

"Yes, so he told me."

"Well, more do you require? He's a very decent fellow; he has been a good friend to me. I should like to see you married to him."

Nan's face flamed.

"I haven't the least doubt that you would," she said bitterly. Mr. Marraby began pacing up and down the room agitatedly.

"You mean to tell me that you sent him away like that?" he demanded truculently. "If you did, he will never come here again. You say he insulted you. I am not sure that you have not insulted him. You don't realise what this means to me; you don't—"

"I realise perfectly well," Nan said steadily. "Mr. Sefton told me."

"Told you?" his angry eyes fell before hers. "I don't know what you mean—"

"He told me that you owed him money," Nan said. "And that he would be willing to cancel the debt in exchange for me!"

"He told you—that!"

"There was no shame in his voice, only a sort of trembling, incredulous gladness that turned Nan sick."

He clutched her arm—

"And you refused?—you didn't refuse, Nan? Even you could not be so selfish—even you could not be so unwise."

Nan's eyes blazed.

"Then it is true?" she said.

"True—of course it's true—how do you imagine I can live on the few pounds I've managed to make since this infernal war broke out? I'm not one of the lucky robbers

who've managed to make fortunes out of the Government I'm one of the poor devils who've gone under, who've lost every penny piece they've got in the world; don't stand there and look at me like that, girl—she broke out in a rage. "You're about as good as you need pretend to be shocked because I've had to resort to borrowed money—"

"Father!" said Nan.

She felt sick and ashamed to hear her very soul; she did not know what to say or do.

"If you were a dutiful girl you'd marry Sefton and secure me," he went on furiously.

"But you never were—you never cared what became of me or your mother and brothers, as long as you were free to do as you liked and go your own way. This is my one chance—it's more than I dared ever hope for." His voice changed suddenly. "Help me, Nan—you don't know what this thing is! I shall be a ruined man if you refuse. Sefton can ruin me body and soul. If he's taken a fancy to you, it will be my salvation, and he's not such a bad fellow when you know him, and he's rich; they say that his house in London is worth thousands, and he's talking of buying the Red House over at Gaddesden, too—you'd like to be mistress there. Nan—for my sake!"

"And me!" What about me and my happiness?" Nan asked shrilly. There was a red spot of colour in either cheek and her eyes were cold as stone.

"You don't think about that—you don't care what happens to me. Am I never to be happy?"

He made an impatient gesture.

"There's too much twaddle talked about happiness. It doesn't really exist—this sentimental, story-book happiness. You've been engaged once, so you tell me, and you ought to know. Your engagement didn't last—well—I don't know what about it, but I suppose you would not think it off if you hadn't been disillusioned. There's nothing like that about Sefton. He's a man of the world, and a hard-headed business man as well. Come, Nan—you know which side your bread is buttered."

Nan gave a little shiver. She wished with all her heart that she had not opened the subject of Sefton. She had preferred her father, who was almost a stranger to her than now, when she saw him as he really was—a hard, selfish man, ready and willing to sacrifice anyone and everyone for himself and his interests.

She put her hand up to her eyes with a little distraught gesture; she knew now that in some vague way she had told her father of Sefton's offer with the vain hope that he would stand by her and sympathise with her. She would be as angry for her sake as she had been for herself; she wanted someone to mind what happened to her; she wanted someone to resent the insult Sefton had offered to her; but she knew now that she had brought her wares to the wrong market and had them thrown back again in her face.

"Oh, I don't know what to say or do," she said in a stifled voice. "I can't think—it's all so dreadful—so sordid."

"Dreadful! sordid!" he echoed angrily. "There is nothing to be ashamed of in an honourable debt. . . ."

But Nan could not answer; she turned and walked out of the room.

An honourable debt, he called it! Somehow she could not think of anything honourable in connection with Sefton.

There were several things lying on the hall table, and she took them up mechanically; the top one was for her and from John Endicott; she broke the flap and drew out its contents.

Four pages of the usual small, superfluous chat, she supposed wearily, even while she envied Joan her superiority.

But to-day Joan seemed to have struck a deeper vein than usual; there was a very real anguish in the first few lines. "Dear Nan! Tim, it appears, has gone back to France—his leave was at an end, and the world was desolate in consequence."

"I'm all alone again, Nan—Tim has gone, and I feel as if my life were broken. I have stood in the house where we have been so happy—without him I—to have nothing to look forward to. . . ."

Nan crumpled the letter angrily.

Nothing to look forward to!—when she had just lived through five days of perfect happiness! It was a coward's cry, she thought contemptuously. Nothing to look forward to—when she herself would have willingly sacrificed the future for just one day out of the happy past.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

FRENCH BEVERAGES.

Some Oddly-Named Mixtures Drunk After Dinner.

PARIS, Monday.—The absolute prohibition of absinthe throughout France has had excellent effects the authorities report. There is now little or no intoxication in the villages.

French ingenuity is supplying other beverages not so harmful as absinthe. "Tout ensemble" is popular with working men, being a mixture of coffee, sugar and spirits. "Gloria tricolore" is made of sweet liquors whose colours are those of the national flag.

"Rincetinatin" is considered to be refreshing and is composed of hot chocolate flavoured with kirsch or gin.

Coffee with a dash of brandy continues to be the popular after-dinner drink of all classes.

REWARD FOR RATE COLLECTOR.

For having secured the arrest of a rate defaulter, who owed the council a very large amount, Kensington Borough Council has voted a rate collector a gratuity of £31.



Father's helmet is the most popular toy at the moment.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



Dr. Brent, Bishop of the Philippines, who is now on a visit to England.



Miss Helen Hays, who is playing in "Worzel-Gummery" at the New.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Super-Film.

WE HAVE HEARD much recently of the "super"-revue. "Intolerance," the Drury Lane cinema drama might be described as a "super"-film. For massive magnificence it would be hard to beat. The producer, Mr. D. W. Griffith, has surpassed himself. As one of his compatriots said to me yesterday: "He has beaten 'The Birth of a Nation' to a frazzle."

Buried Babylon.

MR. GRIFFITH has ransacked the known world for his material. By far the finest pictures, however, are those which represent ancient Babylon in the days of its pride and power. A long-dead civilisation seems to take life again before our eyes.

To-day's Matinee.

JUDGING from the programme, to-day's matinee at the Prince's Theatre on behalf of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Motor-Ambulance Fund ought to be a huge success. I notice that the list of artists includes the names of Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Miss Ethel Levey, Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Avice Kelham, Miss Violet Lorraine, and Special Constables George Robey, W. H. Berry, David Burnaby and Herbert Waring. Mr. Seymour Hicks, I see, is to be "sold by auction."

Miss Marie Blanche for Comedy.

I HEAR of another recruit to the comedy stage. Miss Marie Blanche, who, as soon as the run of "High Jinks" ends, intends to desert musical plays and revues for "straight" work. By the way, there is something of a romance attached to the smart new trick which Miss Blanche wears at the Adelphi, as it was designed by her fiancé, Mr. E. Lewis Waller, who, after seeing service at Antwerp and Gallipoli, and being wounded, received his discharge, and is now a dramatic agent.



Miss Marie Blanche.

New Comedy Revue.

MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR tells me that, on behalf of Mr. Charlott, he has engaged Miss Iris Hoey as leading lady in the new Comedy revue. That effectively disposes of a rumour that another talented actress was to appear in that role. The cast, I hear, is to include Miss Teddie Gerard, Miss Betty Ward, Miss Joan Morgan, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Mr. Jack Hulbert, Mr. Hugh Wright and Mr. Playfair himself.

Yorkshire Artists.

I TURNED into the Camera Club yesterday afternoon to see the exhibition of paintings and drawings by a group of Yorkshire artists which is now being shown. It is well worth a visit.

Mr. Sutcliffe's Landscapes.

SOME OF the best pictures in the collection are the work of Mr. Lester Sutcliffe. "Incense Breathing Morn," for instance, is a beautiful picture, full of atmosphere and light. "Summer Moonrise, Whitty"—a sort of dull monochrome—gives a vivid impression of a fishing town on a cold, grey, wet morning. There are some fine flower studies by Mrs. Sutcliffe, and at least one excellent little composition by Miss Hilda A. Walker.

Stars and Stripes Day.

THURSDAY might be called Stars and Stripes Day, because the American Luncheon Club and the Pilgrims Society are going to celebrate the entrance of the United States into the war. The Prime Minister will attend the luncheon, and a host of famous men will be at the Pilgrims' dinner. Both functions are at the Savoy.

Not Flag Waggars.

"I KNOW you aren't a flag-wagging people," an American said to me yesterday, "and that is why Americans in London are so delighted to see so many American flags flying, especially from residences."

The Anonymous Cheque.

AS A SPECIMEN of the attention to detail of our Civil Servants, I may cite the case of a literary friend who, characteristically absent-minded, paid his income tax with an unsigned cheque. The officials did not notice that the cheque had not been signed, and paid it into the bank!

To-day's Economy Hint.

WATCH THE THERMOMETER! Fires should only be lighted when the weather renders it absolutely necessary. Care should be taken to extinguish all lights whenever a room is vacated and to extinguish a light the moment it is not required, even though it may be wanted again in half an hour's time. A match costs less!

Food at the Front.

AN OFFICER in the Belgian Army tells me in a letter that for the last three weeks they have had no potatoes. "We like it," he adds, "as we can now get rice, black or white beans, or meat with old bread rolled together, hashed, put into balls and fried in fat."

An Island King.

IT IS NOT generally known that Sir George Bullough, who recently gave £50,000 to the Government, is one of our Island Kings, owning the Island of Rhum, near Oban, on which stands Kinloch Castle, his beautiful Scottish abode. His brother, the heir to the property, married Miss Lily Elsie.

The Home Secretary at Home.

I NOTICE that the Home Secretary is one of the victims of the fashionable "flu." He has been confined to his home—no very hard fate in itself, for Sir George Cave's house in Wardehouse-court, Richmond Green, is one of the prettiest houses in Surrey.

Our Next Ally?

THERE is every sign that the Huns are about to get a Chile reception.

Nothing for Wives.

MARRIED officers were hoping for much from the promised separation allowances. They learn now that beyond grants already made by the Civil Liabilities Committee for rent, insurance, rates, etc., no provision is to be made for wives—only for the maintenance of children.

BUY IT TO-DAY

THE BOOK EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT



The Best Souvenir of the War and a Wonderful Half-Crown's Worth

On Sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or direct from the Publishers, 23-29, Boulevard Street, London, E.C. 4. Orders to the Publishers, should be accompanied with 6d. for inland postage or 1s. for postage abroad.

A HOME-STAYING EASTER.

Bank Holiday Crowds Throng the Theatres, the Parks and the Riverside.

ONE BANK HOLIDAY is generally very much like another. Yesterday, however, it was bank holiday—with a difference. It was not that there were less people in the streets. If anything, there were more. The increased railway fares had the effect of keeping people at home. But somehow the old atmosphere of revelry and merriment was missing. There is a war on, and we are taking our pleasures soberly, if not sadly.

Crowded Theatres.

THE THEATRES seemed to be the principal centres of attraction. I was passing through the Strand at about one o'clock, and saw a queue stretching from Burleigh-street to Wellington-street. They were waiting for the Lyceum to open. The other places of entertainment—music-halls, cinemas, etc.—were obviously reaping a golden harvest.

Capricious April.

AT ITS BEST the weather was uncertain. At its worst it invited profanity. Sunshine alternated with snow. But I noticed that the omnibuses which, on these privileged occasions, run between Piccadilly-circus and Richmond were well laden with passengers. The average Englishman is not going to allow the biting blasts of April to stand between him and his enjoyment.

Training for the Wounded.

A PENSIONS MINISTRY MAN tells me that Mr. G. N. Barnes is in Scotland fixing up some of the local committees which are to play such an important part in his general pensions scheme. One section of the work of these committees concerns the training of partially disabled men in occupations for which they may be fitted. A number of committees are already at work in England.

The Blind Massours.

ONE INTERESTING thing he told me was that the blinded soldiers, in nine cases out of ten, trained into first-rate massours able to command well-paid jobs. Instruction is given at St. Dunstan's, but the hospital demand for the men is so great that St. Dunstan's cannot turn them out quickly enough.

Up-to-Date Version.

SISTER SUSIE'S sowing seeds for farmers.

A Family of Artists.

HERE—depicted by himself—is Mr. Dudley Hardy, who has contributed a very fine illustration to "Canada in Khaki"—a book which I have been keeping many of my readers interested during the Easter holidays. Mr. Hardy is an artist and the son of an artist, for his father was T. B. Hardy, the well-known painter of marine subjects.



Mr. Dudley Hardy.

Art and Nature.

DO YOU REMEMBER the "Yellow Girl" that flaming poster that set all London talking in the early nineties? It confronted one at every street corner. Well, that was a Dudley

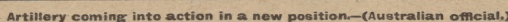
Hardy. A few weeks after the poster had made its appearance Mr. Hardy was astonished—and no doubt flattered—to see a girl in the Earl's Court-road dressed from head to heels in exactly the same costume as his saffron-garbed model. Which seems to prove the contention of a fin-de-siècle epigrammatist that "nature always follows art."

LAVISH HOSPITALITY.

FOOD: THE BAIT.

LUXURIOUS CLOTHES

The two and a half to three million marks represented only the net loss of her "clients," for her gross income has been vastly greater, and has dwindled to three millions because of repayments of investments.



"SUCCEEDED. LORD ROBERTS."

Whiteley: Am I under duress?
Mr. d'Eyncourt: Yes, until to-morrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

By catching moles and selling their skins at the record price of 7d. each, Devon farm labourers are making as much as 10s. a week.

RUSSIAN SPY IN GAOL.

Miners working at New Hucknall Colliery (Notts) have decided to ignore summer time, having an objection to working an hour earlier than usual.

BANK HOLIDAY FOOTBALL

LANCASHIRE.—Subsidiary Competition.

Manchester United (h) ..	5	Port Vale	1
Stoke (h)	5	Manchester City	3
Everton (h)	1	Stockport County	1

YESTERDAY'S BOXING

YESTERDAY'S BOXING

Hoxton Baths yesterday knocked out Private Joe Baker in the second round.

IRISH GRAND NATIONAL

The Irish Grand National, run yesterday at Fairyhouse (Dublin), was won by Mr. W. Hanley's Pay Only. All Sorts was second and Fond Lucy third. Betting: 6-4 Pay Only, 100-8 All Sorts, 100-6 Fond Lucy. Thirteen ran.

GREAT BOOM IN BOXING.

Not a battalion at the front or in training in England but has played football whole-heartedly in its rest time. There has been no close season. Cricket was not possible in many places, so football went on all the summer.

BOXING'S FILLIP

gave the National Stud to the country) and many others, kept the game alive, and although no one could say that racing flourishes to-day, it is still part of our national life.

s gone on steadily, although

Lawn tennis competitions went by the board after the first late summer of the war, but its devotees

creation time at its shrine.
d a slump. Men did not

willow for years. And some of the regiments boasted teams as strong almost as some county clubs.

P. J. M.

SYDNEY CUP WINNER

ran: Chanticleer, Olivas 1st, Garita, Green Cap, Lagere, Bombita, Prince Bardolph, Ranger, Karanaud King, Narivo, Lady Boniform, Yankee York, Coat o' Mail and Highland Band.—Reuter's Special Service.

The annual Easter handicap of the Serpentine Swimming Club, decided yesterday morning, was won by Frank Denman (33sec. start); Tom Bradshaw (33sec.) was second and A. E. Ripper (12sec.) third. Time, 52 2-5sec.



THE BEST WAR BOOK: "CANADA IN KHAKI"—2/6

Daily Mirror

BARONET'S DAUGHTER WEDS.



Mr. Alec Russell, R.F.A., and his bride, Miss Monica Russell, only child of the Hon. Sir Charles Russell, Bart., leaving St. James', Spanish-place, yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

GRAVEYARD DESECRATED BY THE HUNS.



Graveyard of the church at Pavriul destroyed by the Germans. In some places they broke open coffins and wrote foul things in sacred places.—(Australian official photograph.)

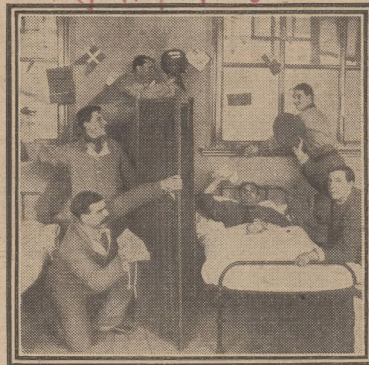
SOLDIERS "SPRING CLEAN" A HOSPITAL.



In the thick of spring cleaning, which most men avoid like the plague.



Bandage winding. Nurse looks on—



—But the moment her back is turned!

Wonderful changes have been wrought by the war, but that men should help in a spring cleaning will probably rank as the most wonderful of all. The very words used to terrify men.

THE MASCOT.



Dr. Murray, of Liverpool, now a naval surgeon, with the ship's cat.

THE BLIND MEN'S BANK HOLIDAY.



On the see-saw in the grounds of St. Dunstan's Hostel. They spent the holiday in the open air.